CHEAP REPOSITORY.

THE

# PATIENT FATHER;

OR, THE

## *YOUNG SAILOR's RETURN.*

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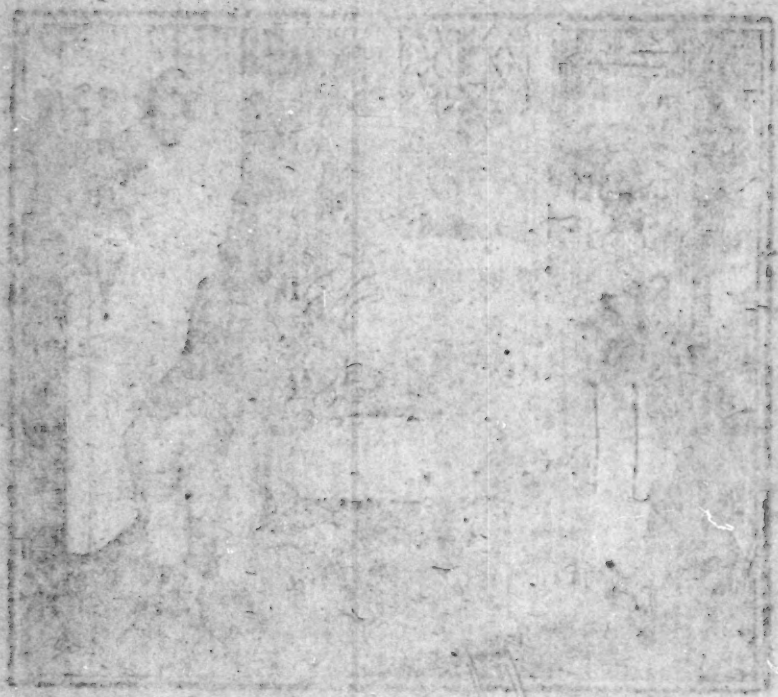

THE

# PATIENT FATHER, &c.

HAPPY the man, whate'er his ſtate
Whoſe heart upon his God relies;
Who, if diſtreſs'd, can patient wait,
'Till Providence relief ſupplies.

Matt Turner was a labouring hind,
Rude and untaught in learning's lore;
Yet bleſt with a *religious* mind,
Though he was pooreſt of the poor,

For ſickneſs ſhook his feeble frame,
Forcing him oft from work to ſtay:
Then he was nearly blind and lame,
Which to *employment* gave delay.

But never was the worthy man,
E'er heard to murmur or complain;—
"I do," he'd cry, "the beſt I can,
"Bleſt be the hand that ſends my pain."

Each Sabbath he with conſtant care,
To Sunday ſchool his babes would ſend;
Where they betimes inſtructed were,
By viſitors who there attend.

Himſelf could neither read nor write,
Yet he had many a pious *thought*,
And heard his children with delight,
Read what the holy Bible taught.

Nor did he ever idly make
Excuſes vain from Church to ſtay;
But all his family would take,
To ſanctify the Sabbath-day.

If ſick upon his bed reclin'd,
Or ploughing in the open air,
His pious ſoul wou'd leiſure find,
To offer up a *ſecret* prayer.

Or as he drove his team along,
With heedful eye and ſteady pace;
Sometimes, amid the paſſing throng,
He'd think of his Redeemer's grace.

For early cuſtom had impreſs'd,
Habitual goodneſs on his heart;
And *patience* from his placid breaſt,
No anguiſh tempted to depart.

Yet Matthew's ſufferings were not few,
His faith was prov'd by many a care;
But his Creator's love he knew,
So never yielded to deſpair.

One trial harder than the reſt,
On his paternal feelings bore;
William, his eldeſt ſon, was *preſt*,
And would perhaps return no more.

His wife indignant mourn'd the lad,
With raging grief and accent wild;
Her cheek grew pale, her looks were ſad,
For night and day ſhe wept her child.

"Alas!" ſhe ſighing oft would ſay,
When liſtening to the win'try blaſt,
"Where now does Billy's veſſel ſtray,
"While cold he climbs the talleſt maſt?

"He uſed my better hand to be,
"Would watch the babes, or fetch me wood;
"Brought all his earnings firſt to me;
"Was always tractable and good.

"Barbarian gang! to ſeize my boy!
"Could they no other ſtripling find?
"I ne'er ſhall know content or joy,
"Or ever feel again reſign'd."

"You ſhould not yield to ſorrow ſo,"
The tender huſband made reply;
"God is the author well you know,
"of Bleſſing and calamity.*

---

* God is never the author of evil, for every thing which God does is good; but he ſuffers poverty, oppreſſion, ſickneſs, and many other evils to be in the world, either as puniſhments to make bad men repent and amend, or as trials of the faith and patience of the good. And to thoſe who make a right uſe of afflictions, the greateſt *calamities* will prove *bleſſings* in the end.

" Shall we from Him the *good* receive,
" And murmur when he ſends us *ill*?
" Forbear, my deareſt love, to grieve,
" God may reſtore our darling Will.

" No force could take him from his home,
" Or make him ſail the wat'ry ſea,
" Unleſs the Lord had bid him roam,
" And thus ordain'd events to be.*

" If raging waves ſhould mount on high,
" And adverſe wind and ſtorm conſpire;
" If cannon balls on all ſides fly,
" God can ſecure him from their fire.

" Then, Mary, ſooth your fears to reſt,
" Believe that all things ſhall be well;
" This may be ordered for *the beſt*,
" If our weak *hearts* do not rebel."

Thus time ſped on for many a day,
But news from William there was none,
The months in labour paſt away,
From riſing morn, to ſetting ſun.

At length a fever's parching heat,
Poor Matthew waſted to a ſhade;
His rapid pulſe with fury beat,
His work undone, his debts unpaid.

---

* Matthew is not to be underſtood as if he thought his ſon was *fated* by an abſolute neceſſity to go to ſea, becauſe there is no ſuch thing as *Fate*. But he means, that God who is Governor of the world, will not permit any event to happen, but what will turn to the advantage of thoſe who behave well and truſt in him.

Now daily threaten'd with a jail,
His prayers unceaſing he renew'd;
His family their fate bewail,
And his diſtreſs with ſorrow view'd.

"Is *this*, my huſband, for the *beſt?*"
Said Mary, loud and diſcontent;
"When landlord threatens to arreſt
"And ſeize our little all for rent?"

"Oh Billy! Billy! Billy! dear,
"If thou hadſt not a ſailor been!
"If but my eldeſt boy was here,
"This poverty we ne'er had ſeen."

"Dear mother, *I am here*," he cry'd,
While wider flew the open door;
"We came up with this morning's tide,
"And ſafe you ſee me now on ſhore.

"See too the money which I bring,
"My parents ſoon ſhall ceaſe to mourn;
"I've ſerved my country, and my King,
"And rich in fame and gold return."

Then round her neck his arms were thrown;
The raptur'd Mary ſcarce cou'd ſpeak;
Feeling delight ſhe ne'er had known,
While duteous William kiſs'd her cheek.

"Mother," he ſaid, "no more be pain'd,
"That I have left you for awhile;
"Leſs money I ſhould *here* have gain'd,
"And aiding you rewards my toil.

" Now I can help to clothe ye all;
" My father too advice ſhall have;
" For him I wou'd in battle fall,
" And die well pleas'd his life to ſave."

Each debt ſoon paid with honour due,
William rejoic'd he'd been to ſea;
While pious Matthew own'd anew
" *Good may ariſe from miſery.*"

We cannot penetrate or know,
How Providence will work its end;
But ſafe it is in *joy* or *woe*,
*On God at all times to depend.*

S. S.